For the Sunday Appeal.]

LENGTHENING SHADOWS.

BY MARY E. POPE. Youth's cloudless sky was o'er me-Sweet blossoms filled my hands As the white-winged moments bore me Over Picasure's shifting sands; The waves were softly singing On a smooth, bright, Summer sea, The golden sunlight flinging Glory over grove and lea; Bright, merry streamlets woodd me Still my pastime to prolong,

And fewest wurblers lured me

With the dulcet voice of song, While with garlands Love adorned me As I denoted the hours away, Till the length'ning shadows warned me Of the swiftly closing day. Long and black they stretched before me On the fair white gleaming sands; Then a chilling fear crept o'er me Neath my garland's rosy bands,

And I turned to face the sunshine, That the golden beams might throw Far behind those ghastly spectros With their warning shapes of woe, Preuming thus to cheat the hours. Of the surely closing day. And gather fresher flowers By the pleasure-haunted way. But alas! the buds had faded

When the sun had drunk the dew. All the bright scene to my view. Closer still behind me ever, Though I turned my eyes away, From my steps they would not sever Wheresoe'er my pathwsy lay. Though the fragrant breeze of evening Fanned my flushed and fevered cheek, still my beart dark dreams was weaving, And its ecolors did but speak To my chafed and frighted spirit, Of the gloomy shapes behind, That came with clankless fetters dy dancing steps to bind. Then a gentle whisper stayed me

As with shuddering heart I fled, And in loving accents bade me Turn and face those shadows dread. In affrighted angulah seeing All the lessons they would teach. My poor, sally heart was fleeing From the wisdom to its seach; For the phuntom shapes that lengther On the evening path of life, Are but ungels as no to strengthen Spirits weakened in Life's strife; Or to point with loving finger To carele a feet the way, On the read to endless day.

Now a weary pligrim watching Glimpens of the cloudless land, I love the shadows stretching Out before me on Life's strand. Not the golden sunlight filmsing Brightness over demy howers-Not the spley odors springing From the many-tinted flow, re-Not the breath of music channing Witching strains unto my ear-Not the rosy pleasures haunting Youth's morning hours, can cheer From its first do'usive drevit. Like the misty shapes that lengthen

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